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Two girls with kittens also interested me. Both by Mabel Stuart.

Of course, I should probably also say something about Alexander Harrison's "Le grand miroir" and Th. Eakins' "Cello Player," Paul Dessar's "Elizabeth," but as it is impossible to review every picture, particularly in an exhibition whose keynote is Maynard mediocrity, I can simply mention those that made an impression upon me, and sometimes the novelties of a newcomer seem more interesting than the mature work of well-known artists.

THIRTY-TWO Horatio Walkers were exhibited for two weeks at the end of March in the new gallery of Cottier & Co. Horatio Walker is an artist who struggles for something, who nourishes an ardent desire to realize *great art*. He has the rare gift of sifting his subjects from unnecessary details, and only to paint the essentials, and combine realism and classicism to a decorative as well as suggestive art which satisfies the most modern elements. Pictures like "The Harrower," "Tree Fellers," "Hauling the Log," "A Spring Morning," can challenge competition with any modern European cattle and landscape paintings. Their *raffiné* simplicity and classic calmness have the purifying influence of a song of Horace. Many professionals look, for instance, at his Harrower rather contemptuously and invariably tumble over one of the forelegs of the bull, "it is not well drawn, badly painted, in short no leg at all." But I exclaim with Mr. Schilling—by the by one of the coming men, one of Montross's protégés—"if they can't see anything else! For heaven's sake." Amusing and interesting to me is the conception Walker entertains of cattle and household animals. He is on very intimate terms with them. He knows their ways of life, and feels with them their joys and troubles of existence. Horatio Walker's animals seem to know something of Goethe's "Weltschmerz;" his oxen are represented as "beasts of toil," his cows seem to be resigned to a fate of drudgery, his sheep, some of which show traits of Schenck's and Mauve's breeds, look so forlorn and ascetic like the almshouse inmates who were lost in the forest in Maeterlinck's play "Les Aveugles." Also over his landscapes, those forest clearings with a few yellow leaves shivering in barren branches, hovers an atmosphere of loneliness and melancholia, only here and there in the background interrupted by a vague indication like spring, that only a country whose soil is desolate and barren and snowbound one-half of the year can exhale. I have spent one winter in Canada, and some of its sad, silent winter scenes have made a deep, most vivid impression upon my mind. Up there the farmers have something of Millet's "sublime murkiness and original pent fury," and looking at Walker's pictures I involuntarily asked myself, "How many human lives had to be sacrificed to conquer that Canadian desolation for the usances of civilization?" Only his pigs know how to take life, they lie complacently in their sties, in the midst of their rich *milieu* of manure, rotting straw and mire, and in color, conception and technical handling are almost without exception masterpieces. I did not fancy, however, his "Prodigal Son," although the youth looks as shocked, gaunt and weird as I did when I was young and callow.

Seventy-Second Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

IN writing about American exhibitions I have found out one peculiarity, namely, the great difficulty of saying anything if I do not write down my impressions as soon as I have left the gallery. Should a few days elapse, I would not trust my memory.

This 72nd Exhibition of the A. of D. does not contain a single picture that a talented man might not learn to paint in 25 years, and the majority of them in a much shorter time. This is a rather dismal state of affairs. It does not render art criticism a very enviable profession.

It does not contain a single picture for posterity except it were Daniel Huntington's "Projectors of the Atlantic Cable." Most interesting to me was "Bobbie" Reid's T. B. Clark prize panel, "Moonrise." It is purely decorative, and pleasing to the eye, its colors being "bleu de sonde," as Stephane Mallarmé would say. As usually, it is very carelessly done, and all unnecessary work, like the execution of hands and feet, carefully avoided. I looked at it for a long time and got a good deal of amusement out of it.

E. C. Tarbell's "Josephine" seems to be a sister of Benson's little girl at the society, only coarser in grain, and Josephine's mother apparently is fond of Japanese kimonos, but why we should particularly be interested in their domestic affairs I cannot discern.

C. D. Weldon's "Saved from the Wreck" is a capital illustration, as long as it does not pretend to be anything else, which cannot be said of similar exhibits of Clinedinst, Smedley and Jennie Brownscombe. Reproductions of the latter might have a good sale.

Henry Mosler's "Invoking God's Blessing," a Puritan scene, is carefully observed, correctly costumed, conceived with feeling and cleverly composed and painted.

Kenyon Cox's "Bird Song," Macomber's "St. Katherine" and Dielman's "Azalea" are pleasing little pictures. E. A. Bell in his "Spring Flowers" did a piece of diligent, conscientious work, poetical, and yet not too far removed from beauty and truth.

W. M. Chase has not done himself justice in his life size portrait. He should not exhibit such pictures.

Alas, how many pictures of this exhibit should never be shown, or better still, never have been painted. About three-fourths.

Why, there are some men who mistake the venerable Academy for one of those cheap picture-frame stores, where they can sell paintings by the dozen. The audacity of several gentlemen is amazing. One feels like bursting out into a laugh at their insolence, if it were not so heart-renderingly sad.

Some of the portraits would do honor to any Bowery photograph gallery.

Then there is H. W. Watrous, with all the glories of his giggling method, at which Philis-

tines exclaim: "My, how fine! Every spot can be seen with the magnifying glass!" One can't despise him altogether; for a pastry cook he might have great talent—one has always to be just.

Pictures like No. 77 by W. H. Lcw, 79, 156, 132, chromo 171 by one of the technically absolutely degenerated Moran brothers (second generation), 202, 220, 223, 227, 240, 355, 359, 363 by J. S. Tyler—and alas, how many others—would disgrace any picture gallery. For instance, Dolphi and his ware, belonging to that peculiar class of commercial animal painters, among whom Pope and Scott Leighton are so conspicuous in Boston. And what pseudo artists the cattle painters Carleton Wiggins and Howe are. They should be ashamed of themselves, to produce with so much original talent such bad results. Even Dustin and Craig are more sincere than they. Also Verplanck Birney, and Gilbert Gaul with his "Vandal," are dangerously near the abyss.

It would have been more artistic to leave the wall empty than to hang such atrocities. The Academicians seem to take care first of themselves and their associates, afterwards admit a lot of rubbish in order to show their own work to advantage by such contrast.

Oh, would a man "who can" arise and scourge them down the Academy stairs and purify the stagnant atmosphere at the corner of 23rd Street and Fourth avenue.

Why build a new Academy? Any hall will do for an exhibition. Let them first produce something to hang on the walls. But it is wisest not to talk of nonentities, they might think themselves merely misunderstood and play the offended genius.

It is also the first time that Cropseys and Addison Richards, "A Vermicelli Cascade" among them, have attracted my attention; of course, not for any artistic reason—because they are hopelessly bad, infamously so—but for quite another, namely, a theoretical speculation. Undoubtedly art has changed since Cropsey and Addison Richards were elected Academicians, but I am not so certain whether many of the younger men of the Society will not also be considered Cropseys and Addison Richards 20 years hence.

It is ridiculous to be so narrow-minded to believe only in one school. Why, in a few years, impressionism will also be old-fogeyish and lament over the inconsistency of art, instead of its own shortsightedness.

I will not make many friends among the Society with these lines. It is only a small circle who will acknowledge now that I am right. But twenty years hence, they won't believe me when I tell them that they wouldn't believe me twenty years ago, for it will have become so matter-of-fact. And then I shall laugh, laugh as loudly and joyfully as I can. By that time I may be old and my gourmand habits may have endowed me with dyspepsia, and the Dewing women will no longer find me interesting and perhaps—spirits of Buddha and Confucius preserve me—I may be a respectable Philistine. No matter, I shall laugh. I am already tasting the joys of anticipation, for I am very malicious.

But to return to the few works that attracted me. These are the "Consolation," by F. W. Freer; "Cloisonné," by May Brewster Hazelton; "Out of Commission," by Edw. Potthast; an "Indian

Boy," by E. W. D. Hamilton; "The Sky Scrapper," by Homer Lee; an elegant, effeminate model in the dress of a society dame, by R. M. S. Walsh; Claude Raguet Hirst's still life specialties, Hufington's "Along the River," Butler's "Breakers," two debutants by H. A. Vincent, Reaser's "Mother and Child," and "Drawing Threads," by de Witt Parshall. The individuality of most of these artists is undeveloped and deficient and therefore rather difficult to catch and express in words, but there is a good deal of serious work among them.

I do not fancy Wores' and Arter's pictures of Japan. Weldon does decidedly the most realistic work in that line.

Ch. E. Langley's Chase's "Studio Interior" is deliciously painted.

Louis Moeller would do well in studying color and making his brushwork a little less obtrusive. One can't say that it is bad, on the contrary, it is dangerously near being "pretty," which is worse than bad. His pictures please, however.

Another man who should look around for a change in his technique is Ch. C. Curran, who succeeds marvellously well now in making his pictures look limpid, ultra-refined, and replacing the little dash and brilliancy he had by a sort of sweet sentimentality—an effeminate, cordial-like Maraschino, served in dainty porcelain cups, and meant, I suppose, for ladies and children. To be just to tractable Curran, however, one must never forget his fantastic Church rivaling efforts. His "Dream" (mimic worlds, represented by soap bubbles with reclining nude females, floating in space) is one of the few works of pure imagination which our practical 19th century America has produced.

Of the landscapists of the old school I rather like Sonntag, with his peculiar fibrous brushwork and Thomas Moran with his sumptuous color, knowledge of form and dignified composition; his Venetian scenes are too Turneresque for me, but his "Montauk" is a romantic, well built picture.

The most powerful landscape is W. L. Picknell's perspective "Route de Nice." My favorite landscape in the exhibition, however, is C. A. Platt's snow landscape. It is an honest, keen observation of nature with a decided touch of poetic feeling, dreamlike, and gilded with classicism. Fascinating I also find Sargent Kendall's "Coming Snow Storm" and Henry Muhrmann's sombre suggestion, "Hampstead View."

F. B. Williams' "Revel," although showing the influence of Inness and A. B. Davies' reminiscent art; it is artistically more sympathetic to me than most of the other pictures. And yet it is so easy to do such things; every poetic mind can produce what the Germans call "Stimmungsskizzen." The young men may not believe it, but it is really more difficult to construct a Thomas Moran for instance; be it remarked that the sketches of the Academicians which they never considered appropriate for exhibition, were sometimes quite suggestive (even capable of success in the society) and generally more artistic than their finished pictures.

Once a foreigner remarked, "Why, it seems to me that American artists paint nothing but landscapes." And it really impresses one so. Every exhibit contains landscapes of all styles, from Gainsboroughs down to Cezanne; of course imitations or adaptations. And any amount of diluted Daubignys, Corots and Rousseaus. There are

a few men of genuine merit, as for instance F. de Haven (rather scantily represented this time), Shurtleff, with his woodland interiors, with the sunlight filtering through the foliage, charming pictures, true to nature and to art; and Blake-lock, with his peculiar canvases blackened with madness and illumined with the weird, tearful moonlight—insufficient as they may be in every respect—being at least the original expression of a soul. G. H. Millies' "Somes Sound," and Ernest Parton's "Lingering Daylight," deserve praise. Pictures of that size are bold undertakings. Also Arthur Parton and Ch. A. Needham, with his winter sketch of Madison Square, need encouragement. They both search for the picturesque around New York.

Other men I merely admire for their cleverness; for instance, Eaton, whose landscapes are always effective; Bolton Jones, who is so successful in absorbing the melancholy poetry that pervades autumnal forest land, and unlike his public, never tires of depicting it. Child Hassam sent some interesting impressionist studies, some of which, I hear, weigh over twenty-five pounds; the color is squeezed and slabbed on as thick as all that.

Wells Champney, whom I like so well when he copies old masters, and who leaves me rather indifferent when he labors at original things, sent a May Mantering pastel as Daphne that should make his success in society. If one wanted to find a fault with it, it would be its fanaticism of cleanliness, everything is so distinct, clean, licked off as if painting were a laundry.

Of course, E. P. Henry, so old fashioned and out of date as the snuff-box of my great grandmother, yet of ethnographical interest, and J. G. Brown who has told his little shoeblack stories so often that we do not need to look at his new pictures, as we know them by heart, are of course well represented.

This made me think of J. T. Kaufman who tried to rival J. G. Brown in shoeblackening last fall with his "Shine, Sir." It is a vain endeavor, young man, but it is true that "many of the Academicians really need a shine."

P. S.—Ethel Isadore Brown again attracted my attention. Perhaps, another time, more about Humphrey Morse and F. S. Church, who, no matter what people say about him, is an exquisite painter of greys and fragile nuances.

At Knoedler & Co., exhibition of pastel portraits by J. Wells Champney, entitled "Types of American Girlhood," commencing April 5th.

WILTON LOCKWOOD, whom I forgot to mention in both criticisms, indulges with preference and considerable skill in the emotional rhythms of life.

PHILIP MARTINY is working at caryatides for the Cullum Memorial and a large portico panel for the Kuhnhardt Mausoleum. Martiny has all the encouragement necessary to do some serious work on his own account; will he at last rake up his courage and do something or will he remain forever loyal to decorative sculpture, "Weib, Wein and Gesang?"

You might travel far without having ever an opportunity again to see such a confusion of mists, winds, sunshine, moonlight and showers, and irisate color effects as in Melville Dewey's confuse and effeminate pictures at the Klackner Gallery. One glance every year or so at one of his best pictures like "Evening Star, Dulverton,

Eng.," or "The River at Night," may be enjoyable, but it is unbearable to see so much of it at once.

Now the artists have another chance to complain about the tariff. As usual, in such cases, the artists have to blame themselves for it. Why do they not unite? Surely they do not expect politicians to take an interest in art, when the artists themselves do not even know each other, or do not want to know each other. Several artists have the peculiar habit of shouting, Who!? whenever a name is mentioned that they are only too well acquainted with.

HENRY MAYER! Only three years in New York and already in the front rank of American illustrators. His art reveals expert draughtsmanship, a wonderful memory for types, versatility and facility of productive power, a cosmopolitan *savoir faire*, and an abundance of wit and humor, not only appealing to the crowd but also to the *haute volée* of the intellect. If Mayer can simplify his manifold brilliant characteristics into an individual style, like Caran d'Ache's or Oberländer's, he has a great future before him. (Exhibition at Keppel & Co.) I would like to own his "Decorative Sir Henry." I hope he will make me a present of it.

AFTER a good deal of quarreling, it has been decided that the VII. International Art Exhibition at Munich will be opened on the 1st of June. Franz von Lenbach is the superintendent. The policy of the committee has undergone some change; it has become more nativistic and less generous in its tendency. It is claimed that too much has previously been done for the encouragement of foreign art to the disparagement of home interests. The result for us here is that Munich will engage no American commissioner this year, contrary to their intention last fall to procure an exceptionally interesting and select American exhibit for '97, including a "special room" for Mr. St. Gauden's works.

HOMER MARTIN is one of the classics of American landscape painting. The memorial exhibition of his work at the Century Club was complete enough to arrive at that conclusion. How that man has toiled, how faithfully he has struggled to perfect himself, and what strides he has actually made from the "Naturanschauung" of the Hudson River School and the Kensett style with its melting and subtle gradation of pure thin color in the early sixties, to the lurid sentimentalism of the early eighties; and from these the steady ascent to the masterpieces of eight or ten years ago, with their rich and ruddy coloring, their lineal and constructive beauty, their solid technical resources, their intimate knowledge of nature in her calm and dreamy moods; and finally his latest work where only a road along a hillside and a defoliated tree were necessary to him to express with profound simplicity the heroic harmonies of nature. He felt like his own flesh and blood the animating forces of the humid soil, the spirituality of trees, and the revelations of light in the everchanging atmosphere. And yet landscape painting is only in its infancy; contemporary American painting altogether is economical like the era in which we live, there are no outbursts of broad joyousness, healthy like sunshine or turbulent like a tempest. Everything, even the works of a Homer Martin, look ascetic, sulky, self-chastised.